

MURDERER SCHWAB BEGS FOR MERCY.

Slayer of His Wife and Grandson Becomes Almost Insane When He Is Sentenced.

Weeps and Makes a Hysterical Appeal to the Judge, and Has to Be Carried to His Cell.

SENT TO STATE'S PRISON FOR LIFE.

Turns Over His Property to His Son, Bernard, and is Immediately Taken to Sing Sing by the Guards.

Franz Michael Schwab, who on February 18 last shot and killed his wife Catherine, and his infant grandson, Christian, at the saloon of his son, Bernard, at No. 201 Throop avenue, Brooklyn, was sentenced to life imprisonment at Sing Sing yesterday by Judge Hurd.

Schwab became frenzied when sentence was pronounced. He does not understand English, and the Judge's words were translated to him. He staggered to his feet, pale, trembling and completely unnerred. He waved his hands in the air and screamed: "Mercy! Mercy!"

Officers had to support him, he was so overcome. Again he addressed the Judge. "Oh, God! God!" he said, "have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner!"

Schwab continued to plead until he was completely exhausted. He burst into tears and cried in a hysterical manner until he was carried to his cell.

The crimes of Schwab seem to have been premeditated. He had quarrelled with his wife and as a result she left him and went to live with her son Bernard. She was fifty-three years old and had lived with her husband at No. 150 Johnson avenue until she could bear his abuse no longer. After she left he lived alone.

THREATENED TO KILL HIS WIFE. He visited her several times, but in every instance his rage got the best of him, and when the son Bernard one day ordered him to get out and stay away, the old man turned about fiercely on the threshold and threatened to kill his wife. Nothing was seen of him again for several months, and by that time his threat had been forgotten.

A week before the murder Schwab called at his son's saloon to see his wife. As he was intoxicated, the son ordered him away, saying that if he really wished to see her he must call when he was sober. Again Schwab left the house threatening to murder his wife within a year.

After that Mrs. Schwab remained within the living apartments over the saloon most of the time, and the door was kept locked. Schwab called February 18 and found the door leading to the rooms upstairs open. He went upstairs and knocked.

"Who is there?" asked Mrs. Schwab, from within. "Your son Louis," answered the old man, and the next moment she threw open the door. As soon as she saw him she dashed past him with her son's nine-months-old child.

Schwab fired at her. The bullet passed through one of her hips, and she ran screaming down the stairs into the street. He shot again and this time the bullet passed through her body.

Bernard Schwab, who had heard the shots, ran into the hallway. He took the child from his mother's arms, and as he did so the old man fired at him. The bullet entered the baby's body just under the heart. The next shot struck the son under the left eye, lodging in the head. Mrs. Schwab died immediately.

The child and Bernard Schwab were conveyed to St. Catherine's Hospital, where the child soon died.

Schwab attempted to escape, but was captured. When locked up he said his only regret was that he had failed to kill all of his family.

The murderer's trial commenced last week before Judge Hurd in the County Court of Brooklyn, and lasted four days. After the jurymen had been out a little over six hours they returned with a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree. The prisoner said not a word.

He was taken before Judge Hurd yesterday for sentence.

When asked if he had anything to say before sentence was pronounced, he wept. B. F. York, his counsel, said there was nothing his client wished to say.

Judge Hurd then broke the silence of the court room by addressing the trembling prisoner thus: "Schwab, it is due to the acuteness of your lawyers and the mercy of the jury that you are not here to-day for a sentence of death. You killed not only your wife, but also your grandson, and shot out the eye of your son. Your crimes were inexcusable. As regards the sentence, the law gives me no discretion in the matter. The sentence of the Court is that you be confined in the State prison at Sing Sing for the term of your natural life."

Schwab then made his appeal for mercy and was taken back to the Raymond Street Jail. He bequeathed his effects to his son, Louis, and was then taken to Sing Sing. Keepers Stubborn and Bell were his guards. He went by the way and broke down at the prison when ordered to strip and don a striped suit.

KOZAK WANTED TO DIE. Jumped into the Bay and Was Rescued. But After a Hard Fight.

Frank Kozak, a muscular Austrian, twenty-seven years old, who arrived here from Chicago last Saturday, walked down the stone steps leading to the water east of Pier A at 6:20 a. m. yesterday, and deliberately jumped into the bay. "Butch" Crowley, an athletic longshoreman, of No. 30 Washington street, who has saved half a dozen lives at the Battery, saw Kozak jump and leaped in after him.

The Austrian, however, did not want to be saved. For some time Crowley seized his collar than Kozak shook him out. Crowley closed with the man and a struggle began. The longshoreman was nearly exhausted when a boat containing Patrolmen Edward A. Collins and James Barry, came to the rescue. Both men were hauled into the boat and taken ashore, and Kozak was removed to Hudson Street Hospital, where he recovered consciousness. He refused to say why he sought death. The surgeon said he would recover.

In his pockets were found a gold watch and chain, with a diamond locket, \$27.50, mostly in gold, a certificate of naturalization issued in Chicago in 1890, and a steering light on the North German Lloyd steamer Havel for Bremen.

Burnett's Vanilla Extract, made by all the best processes elsewhere, is



MURDERER SCHWAB MAKES A FRENZIED APPEAL FOR MERCY.

When Franz Michael Schwab, of Brooklyn, who killed his wife and grandson, was sentenced to life imprisonment by Judge Hurd yesterday, he begged for mercy. He became so wrought up that officers had to support him and assist him to his cell. He was immediately taken to Sing Sing.

HERMIT'S HOME A SHRINE.

Conway's Wife, Who Found Him in Florida, Says Both Will Make Annual Pilgrimages There.

Jacksonville, Fla., April 20.—Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Conway, who were so happily reunited at New Smyrna, Fla., after fifteen years' separation, passed through Jacksonville this afternoon accompanied by their faithful wife. The members of the party stated that they would not immediately return to Jersey City, whence Mr. Conway so strangely disappeared in 1881.

Mrs. Conway is a handsome woman, about thirty-eight years old, and her attractiveness is increased by the happiness that has resulted from the success which has crowned her long search for her missing husband. During that search, which lasted fifteen years, and extended into nearly every State and even into Mexico and Canada, the faithful wife had many thrilling experiences. Once following a clew she found herself in the gold mining region about Central Creek, Cal., and after the rush to that place had begun, women were scarce there in those days, and the seekers hailed Mrs. Conway's arrival joyfully in two days, she says, she had offers of marriage by the score, and some of the suitors did not take their rejection lightly. She, however, explained her purpose in coming to Central Creek, the big hearts of the miners were touched and they aided her in following up the clew to the missing husband. One afternoon every miner in the camp was forced to pass in review before the faithful woman in order that she might learn whether her husband was among them.

In his fifteen years of seclusion, Mr. Conway, although ashamed to return to his strange disappearance, never wavered in love for his wife and boy. When half crazed he wandered away from Jersey City, he had with him small portraits of his wife and son. He had these enlarged to life size, and making a rule chapel in a corner of his cottage, placed the pictures there. Persons on the peninsula, peeping into the hermit's cottage, frequently saw him bowed before the portraits in an act of worship. In the garden about the cottage, Conway's love for the absent ones was in evidence. He would trace the names of his wife and son in the soil and then sow the seed so that letters of living green reminded him of those he considered for ever lost.

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Little Chance That His Police Measure Will Be Adopted.

It is generally conceded that the bill empowering a majority of the Police Board to make promotions has no chance of becoming a law. It is now hung up in both houses of the Legislature, and as ex-Senator Platt is opposed to the measure the bill may be considered killed.

As the bill was prepared by Commissioner Roosevelt and was endorsed by Commissioners Andrews and Grant, they are not very much pleased over its defeat. Local politicians have been interested in the quarrels at Police Headquarters, and they admit that Commissioner Parker appears to win nearly all his fights with his colleagues, Mayor Strong is worried over the record, disagreements and want of harmony among the Police Commissioners. The leaders of Tammany Hall and the enemies of the reform administration say that the bipartisan system of managing the Police Department has proved a failure.

Dr. Austin Abbott Dead.

Dr. Austin Abbott died at 8 a. m. Sunday at his residence, No. 16 East Sixty-fourth street, of heart disease. He was a brother of the Rev. Luman Abbott. He was the legal counsel and personal friend of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. His funeral will take place at the Broadway Tabernacle at 5 p. m. to-day.

CASTORIA

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THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permits us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms. Castoria allays Feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd. Castoria cures Diarrhea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles. Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air. Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or any other narcotic. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of J. C. Pitcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

THE CENTRAL CO. 229 N. 7th STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Advertisement for Hood's Pills, describing its benefits for various ailments like constipation and indigestion.

ASTRAY FROM HIS KIND.

Hamilton Stanley, of High English Connections, Sent to the Workhouse for Eighty Days.

Among the prisoners received at the Workhouse on Blackwell's Island yesterday was one, committed for drunkenness, of fine education and high family connections in England. His name is Hamilton Stanley, and his father was an officer in the Queen's Hussars. His brother-in-law is the present Bishop of Hereford. He has a cousin who is a major in the First Regiment of Royal Scots.

Stanley was given a university and a medical education, but a disposition toward recklessness and wandering destroyed his chances of success in his profession. He began to drift about the world, and has been in all quarters of it. He was in charge of a hospital in Valparaiso, Chili, during the recent civil war. His personal bravery saved the lives of some of the seamen of the United States ship Baltimore, when attacked in the streets of the city by an infuriated mob.

Stanley has recently made his home in New York, and has followed no particular occupation. This is the fourth time since last November that he has been committed to the Workhouse for either drunkenness or disorderly conduct, and his present sentence is eighty days. He feels the humiliation of his present position keenly, and plans to go back to England when his term expires and begin life anew. He is forty-nine years old.

Small Crowd Yesterday.

Attendance at Benings Was Light and the Card Merely Medium, but Better Sport is in Store.

Washington April 20.—The crowd at Benings to-day was of minimum proportions. The card was too poor, but in a day or two things will right themselves, as owners will not be willing to keep their horses in the stables. Mr. Belmont's colors will make their initial appearance of the season on Thursday. Several of the string are on the sick list. The trouble seems to be a mild form of influenza. Pittsburgh Phil was one of to-day's arrivals.

The final race was between The Swain and Factotum, and a rattling struggle it proved. Factotum led his field until the very last jump, where The Swain just managed to catch him, and best him a short head. Pay or Play, who was last, turning into the homestretch, finished third. Riley Graman placed on Factotum. After Littlefield had weighed in, he lodged a complaint against Kue's inclination to foul riding. He was justified and Kue was compelled to listen to some pretty plain talk.

Three to five and 1 to 2 was gladly accepted against Live Oak for the second race. His showing in the race soon extended all this confidence, for at no part of the journey was he close enough up to even count as dangerous.

The third event was the Arlington Stakes, for two-year-olds. Four of the dozen carded to run declined, still the pick of the lot were left in H. W. Walden and Son's Successful was the hottest kind of a favorite. It was common rumor that he could run away from Her Own, who won so easily on Saturday. After a good race Sims succeeded in landing him the winner from Kist to H. L. who was last in the post. With an even break the latter would certainly have won. H. Daddy was third, only beaten a head or the place.

PERSONAL.

BAILEY, next-door for adoption; full surrender, 205 East 75th st. Mrs. Karch. SMITH, Life Reader, 110 West 23rd st., real estate, etc. Give what you please. WITHIN the next ten days I will send a beautiful porcelain dinner set, 112 pieces, \$1. E. & W. ADAMS, E. & W.

DEATHS.

MCARTIE.—On Sunday, April 19, at his residence, "Vanderover Park, Flatlands, Long Island, Robert J. McCartie, late with James Drake's Sons. Funeral April 21 at 2 p. m.

WOMEN TRY TO LYNCH A WOMAN.

She Cries Her Babe into a Creek and Then Confesses the Deed.

Infuriated at Her Heartlessness, Neighbors Prepare to Put Her to Death.

SAVED BY A BROTHER'S EFFORT.

He Hastens Over a Mountain and Gets Officers to Rescue the Girl from Her Tormentors.

Shamokin, Pa., April 20.—Anna Boatner, a pretty girl of twenty years, living at Hickory Ridge, narrowly escaped lynching this morning at the hands of an infuriated mob of women. Miss Boatner is now under arrest, having confessed that she made away with her child and is in a critical physical condition.

The young woman's baby was born yesterday, but to-day it was missing, and when asked where it was she refused to tell. The women of the village suspected something was wrong and threatened Anna with death if she did not tell what had been done with the baby. At this the girl broke down and wept, and confided to the horrified women that she had thrown the baby into a creek. There the child's body was found after a search. The women grow more and more infuriated as they discussed the mother's heartlessness, and after conferring, expressed their intention of hanging her, and made preparations to do so.

Miss Boatner's brother, Peter, alarmed at the threats, placed several men on guard over his sister and started for Shamokin to secure an officer to defend her from the enraged mob. The road to town is over the mountain, and upon arriving here Boatner was totally exhausted and fell fainting in Justice Rowe's doorway. As soon as he recovered sufficiently Boatner explained his mission, and three constables were immediately dispatched to the scene. The men Boatner had left in charge of the house were about giving way to the entreaties of the women that the young mother be lynched, when the officers arrived. Had they been a few moments later the young woman would doubtless have been killed. Miss Boatner was given a hearing by Justice Rowe this afternoon and afterward taken to the poorhouse.

When the Norwegian fruit steamer Sama reached Quarantine yesterday from Port Union, Captain Frazer was told that his wife and infant daughter had died a few days ago. He was overcome by the intelligence.

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THE CENTRAL CO. 229 N. 7th STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Advertisement for Castoria, describing its benefits for infants and children, and providing contact information for The Central Co.



THROWING UP THE SPONGE!

Competition stands dismayed as it views with alarm our enormous growth. Our crusade against high-priced tailoring goes grandly on. The big-profit concerns are beside themselves, but we go right along making suits or overcoats to order for

NO MORE. \$15 NO LESS.

Thousands of patterns to select from, in all the most fashionable cuts of the day. Any of our eight city stores will take your measure and deliver your order in forty-eight hours if necessary. Four thousand yards of cloth cut up every week into 1,200 suits tells our story. Being direct mill agents explains the price.

WOOLLEN WAREHOUSE and Mail Order Department, 38 Walker St.

W. C. LOFTUS & CO., 8 Branch Salesrooms in This City.

47 and 49 Bleecker St. Arcade Building, 71 Broadway. Equitable Bldg., 150 Broadway, 7th floor. Postal Telegraph Building, 253 Broadway, 7th floor. 572 B'way, bet. Prince and Houston. 1161 Broadway, near 25th St. (Store) (Open evenings).

Tailor shops 41 and 43 Lispenard St. Send for samples and self-measurement blanks. Your clothes pressed and kept in repair—no charge.

48 Wood St., London, England.

AMUSEMENTS.

BARNUM AND BAILEY Greatest Show on Earth. Last week's closing at Madison Square Garden. Will continue in Brooklyn week of April 27 and close the season in Atlantic City, Oct. 31. No Free Tickets to Any One. Charles Tripp, Jr., known as "The Crowded House," Delightful, Thrilling, Change of Programmes this Week. With Whole Families of Real Natives. 3 Hugs, 3 Stages, Race Track and Aerial Highway.

2 Menagerie, 24 Elephants, 100 Trained Horses. Zebrama, the Intelligent Goffin. All the Champion Riders, Acrobats and Jockeys. The New Woman in the Arena. 51 Training Horses Performing in One Ring. Two Exhibitions Daily, at 2 and 8 p. m. Door Opens an Hour Earlier. Admission 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1. Box seats \$2 each. Box Office Open Daily from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. 5th Ave. Theatre, H. C. Miner, Prop. & Mgr. Special mat.—Last performance in America.

MIME. DUSE. ELEONORA. Wednesday, CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA. April 20, 8 p. m. LA LUCCIA. Thurs., April 20, 8 p. m